

The Sketch

No. 1220—Vol. XCIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



IN "THE BING BOYS ARE HERE!" AN ALHAMBRA STAR.

If anyone could literally die of laughing, Mr. George Robey would be responsible for casualties beyond counting during his engagement in the Alhambra revue, "The Bing Boys," one of the funniest things in London. Mr. Robey has clever collaborators, but he is fun-maker-in-chief, and when Lucifer Bing is on the stage the house might

be a modern edition of Hogarth's "Laughing Audience." The revue goes with a bang—thanks to the Bing Boys, and "Emma." In the last act Mr. Robey appears in feminine costume; but, despite the picturesque touch, fun remains the dominant note of what is quite one of his most irresistible creations.

Photograph by Wrathier and Buys.

THE GREAT "WAR FAIR" HELD AT THE CALEDONIAN



AN UNCONVENTIONAL SNAPSHOT: MRS. HWFA WILLIAMS WITH A LAMB.



A DEALER IN ANTIQUES: MRS. JOHN ASTOR.



PERIPATETIC FLORISTS: TWO L



SOME SUCCESSFUL SALESWOMEN: LADY SWAYTHLING (IN APRON) AND HER HELPERS.



A BEAUTIFUL BIRD-DEALER: LADY DIANA MANNERS SELLING A PARROT.

Despite adverse weather conditions, features of which included a sharp storm of hail and rain and a temperature more suggestive of January than June, the excellence of the cause attracted crowds of people from the West End and from the suburbs, eager to see, to buy, and to secure a bargain or two if the stars fought for them. The Lord Mayor opened the great "Jumble Sale," the proceeds of which will prove a substantial help to the Wounded Allies Relief Committee funds, on behalf of which it was organised. Lady (Arthur) Paget and Mrs. A. H. Scott, the American lady who originated the idea, worked hard,

MARKET: SOME OF THE SOCIETY SALESWOMEN.



SELLING FLOWERS FROM PANNIERS.



OFFERING WARES FROM SUNNY ITALY:
THE COUNTESS OF GRANARD.



AT LADY (ARTHUR) PAGET'S "STORE": THE EARL
OF PEMBROKE AND TWO FRIENDS.



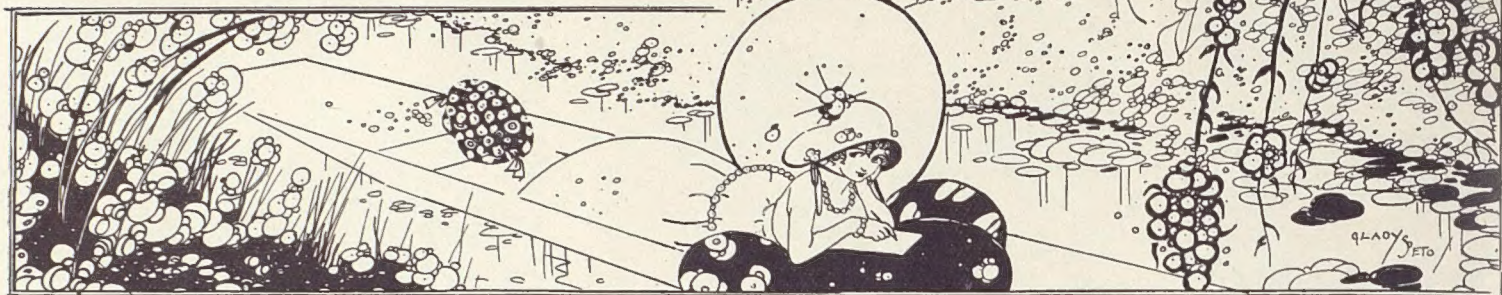
HELPERS AT LADY PAGET'S "STORE": THE COUNTESS
OF PEMBROKE (LEFT); MRS. HWFA WILLIAMS (RIGHT).



A VERY PRACTICAL STALL: LADY MARKHAM SELLING COALS.

and successfully, to attain their object. The Lord Mayor mentioned that the Market had existed since 1855, but had never looked so attractive or been devoted to so good a purpose. There were some quaint scenes now and then, for the sale was refreshingly unconventional, and the amount taken must prove of great help to the Wounded Allies Committee in its beneficent work. Our photographs show a number of well-known ladies devoting their time in whole-hearted fashion to the task of making the "Fair" the success which it deserved, and proved, to be.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS TO LONELY SOLDIERS



AND SAILORS, ALSO.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

WENT to see "The Happy Day," one happy day last week. It is quite pretty; it reminded me of "The City Girl," and of "The Countess of Hanover," and also of "The Candy Colonel," but I liked it, all the more for the sake of "How long since," as you say in Scotch! And dear little Unity More was there with her laughing face and her light, rebounding feet. I always wish she were on the stage all the time, don't you? And the dresses were quite interesting, especially an evening frock worn by clever Miss José Collins, all black with streaks of silver, like a Zepp. night. This lady collects cloaks as other women hair-pins. She changed wraps two or three times during the same act. Her excuse was that each cloak was more beautiful than the other, and perhaps she feared the moths might get at them if they were lying low too long!

The nice naval man who was sitting on my left at that matinée told me that the sailors did not think my letters embraced the Senior Service sufficiently. So this one is, with your permission, specially for sailors this week. Here is to the British Blue Boys, bless them!

A strange adventure happened to Moira on her honeymoon. Hers was a war-wedding with a vengeance. Opening of amiabilities, capitulation, surrender, and annexation followed in such a short time that Moira told me when the wedding was over she was quite breathless! Within a week they had met for the first time of their life, wondered they had lived at all until then, and signed a life-long lease. Hardly had she heard his name than he offered it to her.

His little name was Godfrey; nice, knightly name, Godfrey. His big name does not matter—at least it does, it did, as you will see, but I am not expected to tell it to you.

After a ripping breakfast, where everybody else ate, while they just waited, with something very tight round their throat which prevented them from swallowing (not the marriage tie—merely emotion!), they took an express train for the nearest beach that could be had. They put up at the largest hotel so as to be more alone; and while Godfrey was changing for dinner, Moira, feeling dusty and train-tired, turned into the bathroom. When she emerged therefrom refreshed and in her fluffiest wrapper, she was met—wait, you are anticipating—she was met by a multitude of doors, all twins, separated here and there by corridors, also similarly alike, while, to enliven the view and gently exercise one's power of geographical memory or divination, three or four staircases yawned wide at each other. Moira heard some steps in the distance, and promptly precipitated herself into the nearest staircase.

It took her up, led her gently to another landing, where a corridor received her and introduced her to another corridor, which she left for a second staircase, after which explorations she became absolutely lost! She knocked at several doors; some opened, and others did not—in either case she was sorry she had knocked! She studied every pair of boots standing sentinel on the mat with the interest of a professional boot-maker. But no, none of them were his, none were hers! She began to weep frightened and tired tears all over her pink satin. Some other steps—two big feet appear coming down one of those treacherously enticing staircases. Fortunately it is only a sort of porter with a green apron and a French accent. "Has Madame rung zee bell; Madame desires?" Madame desired to be taken to her room. "Certainly, Madame, what number?" Moira clutches her little hands nervously. "I have forgotten the number!" "Never mind, I'll run down to the office. What name, Madame?"—Moira feels her knees deserting her—"Miss, no not Miss any more. Mrs. Moira Smith; no, no, not Smith any longer. Mrs.—wait a minute; oh, dear, oh, dear, I have also forgotten my name!" She had as yet heard it so seldom, you see!

Godfrey found her some twenty minutes later on the verge of a collapse, being comforted by the incredulous but sympathetic and tactful porter, who, with his head on one side, was helpfully suggesting:

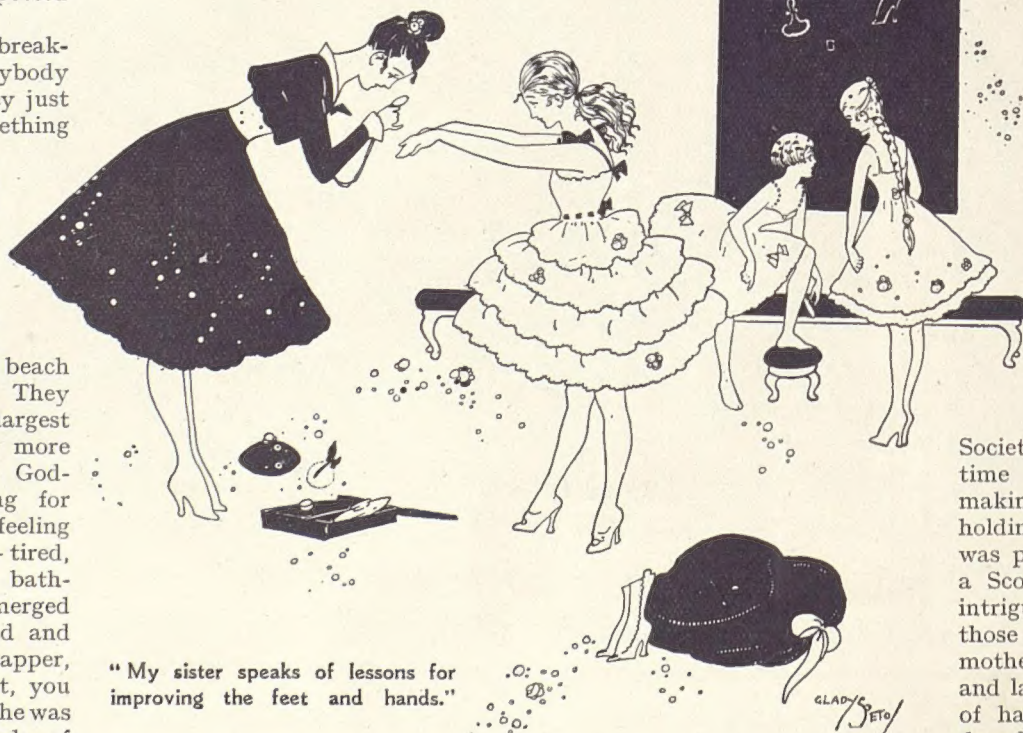
"A leetle effort: voyons, Madame, perhaps it is Brown; or is it Robinson?" He was well tipped for his trouble—and Moira soon forgot hers!

If you have a sweet tooth, you had better ask Her in your next letter to practise pastry-making at home. For it is said that, so many bakersmen being now in khaki, the women who are replacing them will be turned on, for the present, to the more useful job of plain bread-making. Seriously, now, the fashionable woman has for several months past been learning something about what goes on in the kitchen—at Domestic Economy Exhibitions! And she is amazed and interested. I saw a young

Society Beauty at such a place some time ago who was watching the making of an oat-cake, and almost holding her breath while the oat-cake was patted flat by the firm hand of a Scots cook. Cornish pastries, too, intrigued her. "Why haven't we had those at home?" she asked her mother, a dowager set in diamonds and lace. "What would be the good of having a French chef, then, my dear?" returned the mother. The

girl said nothing more, but wrote down the recipe, and I can safely prophesy some servants in that house will soon give notice!

In France it is hardly worth while for even the most domesticated of housewives to know the art of cake-making. Because even in



"My sister speaks of lessons for improving the feet and hands."

the most primitive little hole of a village, there's always a *pâtissier* who knows his business, and his *gâteaux* are so excellent and so cheap that it would be waste of time on the part of the *ménagère* to try and rival him.

Speaking of dowageresses—Lady Vertugadin is awfully cut up. She gave a sale the other day, followed by a dinner and a reception. You know people go in for sales, nowadays, with the same zest they used to go in for bridge. They do it on a big scale, like at the Caledonian Market, for instance, or there are miniature markets at home. Those following on the spring-cleaning are the best: after a thorough, though chaotic clearance of one's house, so many odd things turn up that one does not know what to do with! Well, then, to reward her friends for buying, at charity prices, all sorts of things they had no use for, Lady Vertugadin fed them, and for that occasion she had designed a wonderful toilette of white satin, with a wide gold ceinture and a white turban with gorgeous plumes of gold. She rather fancied herself in that expensive apparel, and she asked one of her men guests whether he did not think the toilette scheme effective. The Sub stared at her caparison with very hesitating admiration, then he said politely—"Topping!. It looks like—er—like a baby's funeral!"

Among my letters from yous are two which are really more meant for Gladys Peto. So I have forwarded them to her—yours, E. L., who write in your name and that of three others (F. L., M. D., and P. S.); and yours, G. P., who are glad her initials are G. P., "because mine are the same. I say," say you, "I wish you could step over and see some of our people over here, and bring G. P. She'd have to alter her men-folk in her pictures. You ought to come over and see some of our boys in nothing at all" (what?) "like any uniform" (I breathe again) "you've ever seen or even thought of. Even the thorn-bushes in the fields are better arrayed than most of us. Not a feminine soul in sight for three whole months, and not likely to be! You might take pity on us, Phrynnette."

What, no miller's daughters; no sweet shepherdess about? Poor yous! But then think of the ripping time you'll have when the war is over; for—who knows?—it may be over some day: most things are possible! "Are all the little ladies at

home the same as those you write about and G. P. draws? 'Cause, if so, I'm for home as soon as this Hun-hunting is over." I am not sure that all the "Blighty" Belles are as decorative as the black-and-white ones that G. P. draws, but there is certainly a vast and varied choice amidst your country-women. I really think they take the palm for good looks. Won't it be difficult to make up your mind and your heart among so many dears ready and eager to marry yous?

Now, E. L. also wants to know "whether the inimitable Gladys whom we all admire is in the flesh anything like her sketches. Generally speaking, every week I fall in love with one or more of her most perfectly priceless little girls"; also "whether she really sees things like she draws, or whether you and Gladys are in league, and enjoy exasperating and teasing us all out here?" We don't want to tease, only to amuse while instructing (hum! as if we could teach yous anything!) To yous both Gladys Peto says "Thank you" and wishes the best of luck.

I knew that the subject I treated in my letter of the 17th was what Editors who haven't time to read replies call "dangerously controversial," but, as it is, I read your letters, and as I have always time and inclination for that anyway, I am glad I dared.

One of yous writes that it is a companion and a comrade he wants in his wife, someone who will be able to share his out-door life, his golf and games of all sorts, and not a half-stifled, attenuated thing with a red nose from bad circulation, and knock-knees and sprained-ankles from Louis heels.

Another reader writes the following letter—

By a rather strange coincidence, I had half-written a letter to you

before I read your pages in this week's *Sketch*, and, although your reply to "Mere Man" touches on the ethics of my difficulty, it does not clear up this particular case—or rather, cases. Greatly to my disappointment, my two daughters (eighteen and sixteen years old respectively) have been growing decidedly hoydenish and altogether undisciplined. Since the death of their mother, they have been looked after by my sister, who lives with me. She is, unfortunately, no disciplinarian, and it was really a relief to me when she suggested it would do her nieces good to go to a boarding-school for a few terms, and I readily agreed and left all arrangements in her hands. Perhaps it is my own fault for not going into the matter before, but I find when everything is settled—school clothes bought, etc., in accordance with the wishes of the Principal—that the establishment my sister has chosen hardly comes under the heading of a school from a man's point of view. It is true that certain ordinary subjects are taught, and music and drawing carefully studied; but the chief *métier* of the place seems to be the turning out of a thoroughly "smart" girl.

My sister, in answering my inquiries, speaks of "lessons in deportment," "improving the feet and hands," "care of the complexion," "figure-training" involving the use of "night corsets," and much "necessary restraint." Put bluntly, it seems to me that the pupil is fitted with a corset into which she is systematically laced more and more tightly until she can wear it at its closest. No sooner is she inured to this than a fresh corset of even more exacting dimensions is forthcoming, and so the training goes on. The same with the feet—at first a shoe just a little smaller and smarter than that to which the girl has been accustomed; then, as the training progresses and the desire for—or, in fact, possibility of—much real activity lessens, the footwear becomes tighter and the heels higher until the girl can take the highest of stilt heels for everyday wear with some appearance of ease, if not with comfort.

A remark of mine that no girl would stand such training for long was met by the answer that a girl once well tightened is naturally fairly amenable to discipline, and that the punishment of a short course of excessively tight lacing is sufficient to teach the most obstinate girl to submit to her training with good grace.

Now, no one is a greater admirer of the finished article than I am, and, although I may have overdrawn the picture in my mind, I have some doubts as to whether it is right for girls to be trained in this way. My sister (by no means a small woman) has herself a beautifully slender figure, and assures me that though she no longer finds it necessary to lace very tightly, and can wear the daintiest of stilt-heeled shoes with comfort, those attractions are entirely due to the very strict training she received at a finishing-school.

Why ask me, Paterfamilias? You know my opinion about restrictions in general, and those of clothes in particular. It is for Woman to use clothes to serve her, and not let clothes ill-use her. If it were not for the Censor and the climate, I'd advocate the leopard-skin and a garland of leaves. Only, so few women could afford them! Those turned out inch by inch at a "finishing" school, for instance!

But if it is a form of punishment, or taming, you are looking for, there is starvation and red-hot poker; also I have heard of nice little iron cages in which one can neither stretch nor stand up. They were greatly favoured by our gentle Louis XI. Why not try those?

Yet another yous, a charming Captain, quoted Bliss Carman's bridal hymn *re shoes*—

And here's to the night
Of our delight
That held the stars in a tether,
When her little shoes
And my big boots
Were out on the mat together.


Here is to the day,
That wondrous May,
A-roaming over the heather,
When her little shoes
And my big boots
Went out on the hills together!

"When her little shoes and my big boots
Went out on the hills together!"



"She had a wonderful toilette of white satin and a white turban with gorgeous plumes of gold."

"She studied each pair in turn; none were his, none were hers."



SMALL TALK

VERY masculine have been the various forms of mourning for Kitchener, from the drawing down of the blinds at the clubs to the crêpe worn by officers. An Army Order was quite the appropriate thing: how many he had inspired in his lifetime! Every officer who hastened shopwards and paid his shilling for his black armlet was grateful that he had been ordered to do so. Without the order he would have made no show of sentiment—a thing Kitchener systematically discouraged. Sentiment he regarded as first-cousin to foppery, and foppery he detested. Once a subaltern drew out a lace-bordered handkerchief in his presence. "Tell me," said "K. of K.," like a shot, "what make of hairpins do you generally favour?"

the Bethell-Tennant ceremony last August most of the usual restrictions were removed: there were pages, and eight bridesmaids, and jewelled Life Guards' badges for each of them, and abundance of flowers. Mr. Bethell had seen seven months' fighting, had been wounded, and deserved a pretty wedding—or deserved that his bride should have a pretty wedding—as much as any man.

Jane Returns. Names in plenty suggest themselves for the new infant. The mother's, numerous enough to draw upon, are Clarissa Madeline Georgina Félicité, and her mother's is Pamela; there were a Phyllis, an Olivia, and a Lettice among the bridesmaids, and the odds are that there was a Cynthia too, but I cannot swear to all the eight. Cynthias are plentiful among maidens of bridesmaidenly age; but is the reaction already on us? I notice that Lord and Lady Ipswich's baby daughter, baptised last week, received the names of Margaret Jane!

Badge-Hunting. It is just a year since a brave attempt was made to get the Women's Economy League into good working order. A badge was devised, and a number of the women who can make anything and everything they wear interesting promised to give it the preference above all others. Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Mar and Kellie, and Lady de Ramsey did all they could to forward the purposes of the League. Lady Mabel Smith put her motor-car away, and took, as kindly as possible, to the penny tram; Mr. and Mrs. McKenna also banished their car. And now, after a year in which the scheme could have ripened, where is that badge? At a crowded matinée the other day I scanned the stalls. I suspect they contained a good dozen or two of the Economy Leaguers, but not one of the regulation gold bands was in evidence. The Economists, evidently, are economising—in badges. But English people are not fond of labels.



WIFE OF A "BIRTHDAY" KNIGHT: LADY GREENWOOD.

Lady Greenwood is the wife of Sir Granville George Greenwood, Liberal Member for Peterborough since 1906. Before her marriage, in 1878, Lady Greenwood was Miss Laurentia Trench Cumberbatch, daughter of the late Mr. L. T. Cumberbatch, M.D.

Photograph by Swaine.

tinguished himself. He is accredited, besides, with a land success at Petrograd. Here is the exact rendering of an official record of a dinner given to British officers in that city: "Admiral Beatty, in returning thanks for the magnificent presentation made to him by the Mayor yesterday, drained his Russian beaker, filled with champagne, at a single draught, a feat which called forth the unbounded admiration of all present." Well done, David—as they say in the Navy whenever Beatty seizes an opportunity, which happens as often as he is offered one.

Lieu.-Tennant. Lieutenant Tennant—he wants promotion if only because the "Captain" will do away with the redundancy—

is progressing very satisfactorily, and everybody is doubly pleased, for his own sake and for his father's. When Mr. Tennant countered the charge against our air-craft service, he mentioned that his own relatives were flying the machines alleged to be murderously unfit for use; both he and the head of the Flying Corps in France were content to see their sons make use of them. Had Lieutenant Tennant's accident proved fatal, there would have been an uncomfortable feeling in the back of people's minds—though nobody would have given it expression—that that particular point of Mr. Tennant's speech had, like one of the most promising of aviators, come to grief.

The Bethell Baby. The Bethell baby has arrived, just a month before its mother's twentieth birthday, and Charles Street is full of callers—callers who, not quite a year ago, attended the gayest and prettiest of war weddings. For

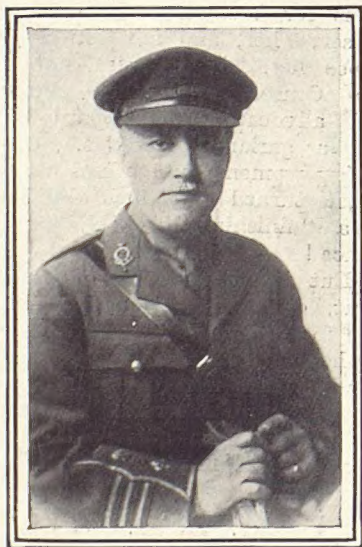


MARRIED, JUNE 3: MISS DOROTHY SHORROCKS (MRS. PUNCH).

At Holy Trinity Church, Northwood, on June 3, Miss Dorothy Shorrocks, youngest daughter of Mrs. Shorrocks, of The Glen, Northwood, was married to Mr. Arthur Lisle Punch, M.B., youngest son of Mr. J. J. Punch, of Bedford Park.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

"Why Then?" Teaching lieutenants the rudiments of cooking, says one authority, is not the least profitable way of employing their hours of leave. But the time is short. You would have to spend it all in the kitchen—even after dinner!—if you really want your amateur to do better than the camp professional. The professional, it is true, is not always held in high esteem. "The only virtue of this mess," writes a young officer who had lately exchanged from a comfortable Yeomanry regiment into the infantry, "is that the cost is covered by allowances." The Yeomanry food had been excellent, and expensive! What, after all, are the necessary qualifications of an Army cook? One common plea of justification is previous experience, such as, "Yes, Sir, I was Army cook in South Africa." But it isn't safe to probe deeper. It would never do to say "Why?"



A "BIRTHDAY" KNIGHT: LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR NESTOR I. C. TIRARD, M.D., R.A.M.C.

Sir Nestor Tirard has been Secretary of the Pharmaceutical Committee of the General Medical Council for twenty years, and is Senior Physician at King's College Hospital, and Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding 4th London General Hospital, R.A.M.C.T.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN LEWIS W. SHELLEY: MISS BERYL MARIE RASHLEIGH.

Miss Beryl Marie Rashleigh, whose marriage is arranged to take place on Saturday, June 17, is the daughter of Mrs. Rashleigh, of Richmond. Captain Lewis W. Shelley, R.A.M.C., is the son of Mr. Percy Shelley, of Chislehurst.

Photograph by Lafayette.

TO BE MARRIED ON JUNE 22: AN EARL'S DAUGHTER.



TO MARRY A NEPHEW OF THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: LADY DOROTHY WALPOLE.

Lady Dorothy Walpole, who is to be married on June 22, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, is the only daughter of the fifth Earl of Orford, and was born in 1889. Her father was formerly in the Navy. He has a beautiful country seat, Wolterton Park, Norwich, and is a Justice of the Peace and D.L. for Norfolk, and for the City and County of the City of Norwich. The Countess of Orford, who died in 1909, was Miss Louise

Melissa Corbin, daughter of Mr. D. C. Corbin, of New York. Lady Dorothy's bridegroom-elect is Captain Arthur Hobart Mills, D.C.L.I., elder son of the Rev. Barton R. V. Mills, Onslow Gardens, and the late Lady Catherine Mills, and nephew of the Earl of Buckinghamshire. The wedding will be celebrated quietly, as has been the case with so many similar ceremonies this season, on account of the war.

Photograph by Savaine.

SPECIAL NOTE.

Our readers will like to know that yesterday (Tuesday), June 13th, the "Illustrated London News" published a remarkable Special Memorial Number dealing with Lord Kitchener and his career. This issue, which will bear comparison with any of the famous Special Numbers issued previously by the "Illustrated London News," contains a large number of extremely interesting illustrations, the whole of them beautifully printed in photogravure. There is also a large photogravure Presentation Plate of a particularly fine portrait of Lord Kitchener. The price of the number is One Shilling. Those desiring copies should obtain them immediately, or it is more than likely that they will be disappointed, as it is certain that the number will sell out very quickly.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Lord Kitchener. I am sitting in my study. The morning work is done, and I am thinking of dodging the thunderstorm and going afield through the June meadows and the June hedges. Gusts of rain alternate with brilliant gleams of sunshine. It is April and June in one, and England at that.

Comes the tinkle of the telephone-bell. A lady wishes to converse with me about a Red Cross scheme in which we are all interested. She breaks off in the middle of her conversation to say, "This is terrible news that has just come through!"

Terrible news! One's mind travels rapidly to Flanders, to France, to the East! What can have happened? One never thinks of the Fleet, for the Fleet has silenced its foe, in all probability, for many a week to come.

"What news?" I ask.

"Haven't you heard? I've only just had it. Lord Kitchener and his Staff have been drowned off the Orkneys on the way to Russia!"

"Kitchener!" one mutters stupidly.

"Yes. Isn't it awful?"

We go on with our interrupted conversation, for the work must be done and will not wait. But all the time one is thinking of that tall figure, that soldier's face, the great work done, the proud, splendid silence in the face of bitter criticism! Kitchener drowned! Here is an event that must stir the heart of the world to its depths, even the heart of the German foe! A great man suddenly gone!

"Official."

I remember that, in the room below, is a lady whose husband is an officer in the Army. It crosses my mind that he may possibly have been on the doomed ship. So I ring up London, miles away, and a little voice tells me that there is no doubt about the truth of the news—it is "Official."

All hope of a mistake is gone. I go down. "Have you," I ask, as carelessly as I can contrive, "any particular friends on Lord Kitchener's Staff?"

She wrinkles her brows. The atmosphere in the room is still light. She smiles and shakes her head. "I'm sorry—" she replies, thinking, possibly, that I am after some favour.

"No," I say; "I don't want anything. Only there's bad news."

Bad news? She seems puzzled. One does not, somehow, associate a great tragedy with the name of Kitchener.

"He's been drowned."

Drowned? She cannot understand. It is one of these silly rumours that fly from mouth to mouth. It is like the first account of the battle of Jutland, which the public could not grasp because the items were given after—and not before—they had been authenticated.

"I'm afraid it's quite true. I telephoned to town, and they tell me it's official. Well," I add bitterly, "they've got their way! Kitchener has left the War Office at last!"

She takes her leave, heavy-hearted, and I return to my study.

The Giant's Work.

Yes, Kitchener has left the War Office; but there is one consolation. The greater part of his mighty task, the mightiest task of organisation any soldier ever took upon himself, is accomplished. The gigantic machine which shall turn out armies by the million—armies trained, equipped, and supplied with all necessities—is complete. Another man will use it; let us never forget that Kitchener made it. The great master of organisation created that machine out of the chaotic chips that he found to his hand when he was called upon to shoulder the job.

We know—we have it on the highest authority—that he did not seek the job. He was no longer a young man—no longer at the age when the pulse leaps as the brain gives birth to some splendid idea. Work was no longer easy—be sure of that. No, he did not seek the job, but he took it at the urgent request of the Prime Minister of the country, who spoke for the King. He was sixty-four years of age when the task was laid upon him—the task of a lifetime. Think of that! Think of the men who retire at sixty, fifty-five, fifty! And Kitchener was sixty-four! Yet he took up his burden, and he used the great force of character which was his mightiest

asset to impose his will upon the nation and the Empire!

And the armies grew! One hundred thousand! Five hundred thousand! A million! Two million! So the armies grew under his organisation, and England could at last hold her own with the other great nations of the world in the fight for liberty and justice. . . . Thanks to Kitchener!

The Eternal Silence.

One other thing he has taught us all—the splendour of silence. They say he was sensitive under criticism. If he was, he never showed it. Not one bitter word, so far as I remember, found its way into his public utterances. "Men! I want men! Give me men!" That was the whole burden of all his speeches. That was his job. They might say what they liked of him as a man, as an organiser, as a soldier; he would not reply. He was a soldier, and he had his job, and he did it—did it to the last ounce that was in him. No man could do more. The thoughtful never expected that any man could do so much.

Silence. He maintained a grand, impressive, dignified, soldierly, old-English silence. The bitterest taunt could not move him to reply. The bitterest jibes passed over his head, for his head was bent over his work. Many a man escapes the shaft of the enemy for the same reason.

And now he never will reply. That silence will last for ever. His critics will go scot-free so far as he is concerned. Only his work will remain—only the armies that bear his name, and the armies that followed after. He will never reply.

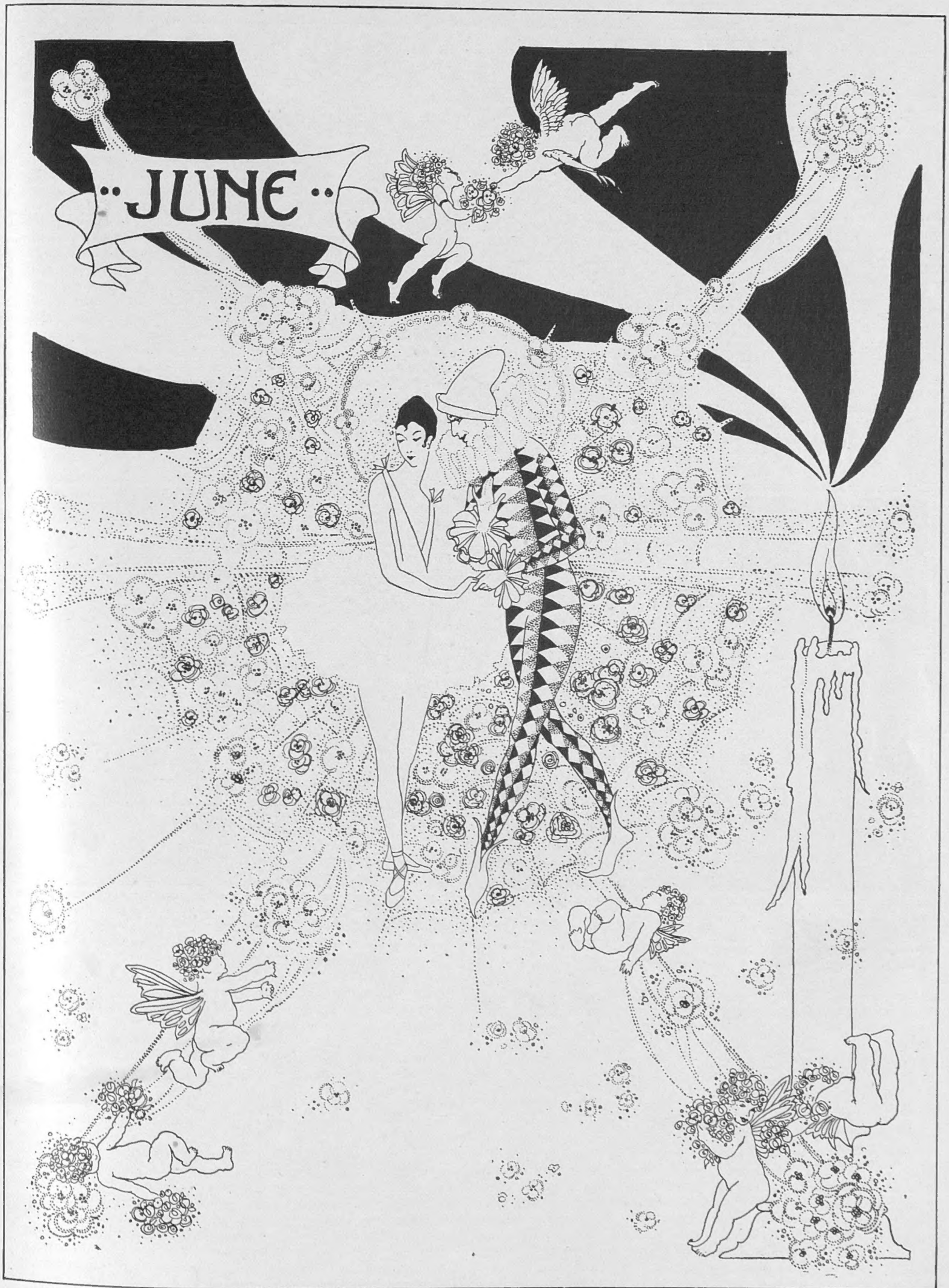
And how will those armies fight? Will they avenge the man who called them into being? Let the German rejoice speedily, for his rejoicing will be short-lived. I see the Kitchener men going into battle with the spirit of the drowned warrior surging in their breasts! God in Heaven, nerve their arm! Their victory shall be his epitaph!



THE "WAR FAIR" FOR THE WOUNDED ALLIES COMMITTEE FUNDS: THE LORD MAYOR VISITS CALEDONIAN MARKET, ON JUNE 6, TO OPEN THE GREAT "JUMBLE" SALE.

The huge and absolutely unconventional Fair at the Caledonian Market, Islington, was a singularly novel and happy idea, and was opened by the Lord Mayor, who is seen in our photograph with his friends and attendants. It is not at every sale that "everything" can be bought, from pictures and books to cars and coals, and jewellery, silver, bronzes, and pretty frocks are found cheek by jowl with the most prosaic "necessaries." No doubt the funds of the Wounded Allies' Committee will benefit vastly.—[Photograph by Topical.]

"THE MONTHS WILL ADD THEMSELVES."



JUNE: THE CANDLE IS NEARLY HALF GONE; BUT THE GAME IS WORTH IT.

DRAWN BY MACKENZIE.



THE CLUBMAN

THEN AND NOW: IN THE DAYS OF HOWE: FIRST-HAND NEWS FROM THE FLEET.

News of Battle. I had often wondered how the news of a great naval battle would come to us nowadays. In olden days a coach tearing up the Portsmouth Road garlanded with boughs, and with flags being waved by the passengers on its top, told the country that a naval victory had been won; but news of all the details, of the losses and the deaths, followed long afterwards. The news of one of our naval victories was announced on a Sunday night during one of the performances of the Stage Society. Nothing could have been more dramatic, for as the quiet gentleman who stepped from behind the curtain at the end of the *entr'acte* read out the brief official outline of the engagement the audience followed breathlessly, and, when they knew that the victory lay with us, cheered and clapped and gasped with pleasure. The news of the great North Sea battle came to me in a different way. I had been to an address given to a Volunteer Training Corps by one of the Generals most in evidence at the present moment. He had alluded to the "Glorious First of June," and had told us how on that day Howe—the British outnumbered in guns, weight of metal, and

and Inclendon, the tenor, being sent on to the stages to make the announcement.

A Wounded A.B. If I went to bed on Friday, the 2nd, feeling that all the pleasure had gone out of life, there was during the next two days the grim satisfaction of learning that what at first seemed to be a *coup manqué* was really a shrewd blow that had knocked our enemy out, and that the German losses were actually greater than those of our Fleet. The most inspiring bearer of good news that I saw during those two days was an A.B. of one of the destroyers that had accompanied Jellicoe's battle fleet to the scene of action. He had come to his home on leave; but, as he had a piece of shrapnel still in his leg, he had walked to the nearest military hospital to have it extracted. He was in the highest of spirits, and laughed at the idea that the battle had been anything but a great victory for us. The craft on which he was had been in the hottest of the running fight, and there were many dead and many wounded aboard her when Jellicoe called off his pursuing fleet from the mine-strewn waters of Heligoland. And he told us of the deeds the



THE ONLY BAZAAR LORD KITCHENER EVER OPENED: A CHURCH FÊTE NEAR BROOME PARK.

"Thorough" was the motto of the late Earl Kitchener, and he lived up to it consistently, taking interest in the affairs of the village near his Kentish estate of Broome Park. We

see him here with the Vicar, the Rev. Paul Mercer, opening a Church Fête at Barham—the only occasion, it is said, when the late Field-Marshal undertook to open a bazaar.

number of men—had met the French under Villaret Joyeuse, and captured or destroyed a large part of the French fleet. I had walked back to my quarters, and was received with the staggering news that three British battle-cruisers and three British cruisers had been sunk in a great North Sea battle. The pill, in all its bitterness, had to be swallowed; the sugar coating which was to turn the news into that of a victory was to come later.

How Howe's Victory was Announced.

There were grumblings in the Press that the news of the great fight was withheld for four-and-twenty hours from us, but the grumblers did not know that Sir John Jellicoe returned to scour the scene of battle and to pick up any of the enemy's lame ducks, and that, therefore, he was later in making his home port than the Germans were, who had scuttled off with all speed. Howe's victory was not known in London until the 10th, and on the evening of that day the Earl of Chatham made known the news at the Opera, and Signora Banti, the great star of that period, who was sitting in a box, was called upon by the public to go on to the stage and to sing "God Save the King" and "Rule, Britannia." The Duke of Clarence took the news to the manager of Covent Garden, and Lord Mulgrave did the same for Drury Lane Theatre, Suett, the comedian,

destroyer had done, not the least of them being the ramming of a submarine, the doing of which carried away most of the keel of the destroyer. His narrative and his high spirits were like a breath of good sea air blown suddenly through the murk of the drizzly day. I have met since sailors of far higher rank who were in the battle, and who practically repeated to me in less picturesque language the A.B.'s story of the fight; but, of all the stories of the fight, that which impressed me the most was the one told by the bluejacket waiting for a military surgeon to come and cut the piece of shrapnel out of his leg.

German Joy-Bells. How desperately in need the German Government is of victories to announce to its famished people at home is proved by the Kaiser's declaration of a public holiday to celebrate a victory which he must have known was really a disastrous reverse. I warrant, however, that no joy-bells were rung at Kiel or in any of the other ports to which the badly hammered ships of the German Navy—those that were still above water—struggled back. It gives us a sure standard by which we can measure other German victories, and the officers of the German Navy are not likely to drink in their ward-rooms their favourite toast of "The Day"; for the day came, and with it a realisation on their part that discretion is the better part of valour.

KITCHENER AS A CLUBMAN: GUEST OF THE "SAVAGES."



These drawings from the archives of the Savage Club are of particular interest because they belong, of course, to private records of the Club which few people have an opportunity of seeing. Lord Kitchener was not, perhaps, by nature a clubman, though he belonged to several, including the Athenaeum, the United Service, and the Junior United Service. He was elected a life member of the Savage Club in 1903. At the time of the dinner given by the "Savages" in his honour on Nov. 26, 1898,

of which we reproduce the invitation-card and the menu, he was at the height of his fame as the victor of Omdurman. In both the drawings may be seen the war-artist of the "Illustrated London News," the late Mr. Melton Prior, who accompanied Kitchener's expedition. In the upper drawing he is the small figure just beneath the word "Admit"; in the lower one he is seen on horseback, hat in hand, just to the left of Kitchener's horse.

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN HILL AND OLIVER PAQUE.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIERES

ONE might have wished that a few of "the Society ladies" who were selling last week at the Caledonian Market had done their kind more pronounced credit in the matter of dress. One felt as if the West End was on its trial in the eyes of an unaccustomed world. The public (always generously ready to approve and admire a more fortunate crowd's ability to look beautiful and act charmingly) were collected at the gates, but failed to find anything like the crowd of really pretty people they had expected.

The Social Barriers.

Probably the large placards announcing "Lady So-and-So's Stall" were sufficient for the admirably good-humoured crowd. In some cases there was little else to look at besides: a group of sellers, mostly in black, and tightly packed under an awning, with a little show of odds and ends in front of them, and outside a much-rained-upon multitude of sightseers. Three vases, an old trunk, and a few lamp-shades—a stock worth, say, about four-and-sixpence all told—such were some of the goods on sale. But more unexpected than the sellers and the stock was the shyness that took hold of both buyer and seller. A crowd would gather round a stall, and there would often be not a word said on either side. On the second day, when things were sold by auction, the conversational difficulty was partly overcome; but even then most of the witticisms came from the crowd in a whisper!

"A. B." The fact was that many of the livelier sellers spent their energies rather quickly, and motored back to Rumpelmayer's in good time for tea. Of the persistent stallholders, Mrs. Gordon Selfridge and Mrs. Arnold Bennett were among the most successful. Mrs. Bennett never wearied; she always looked happy—perhaps because she had the gratification of finding buyers for the whole stock of her husband's books quite early in the proceedings.

"A. B." himself came upon the scene at odd times, and proved himself to be the most capable of salesmen. "Any Arnold Bennett rarities?" he was asked by a dealer on the prowl. "No," replied the author, revealing himself; "nothing but the 'bus ticket that brought me here."

Perhaps no family has been much more mixed up, or wrapped up—or whatever the phrase may be—in the war than the Feildings. They have made it a personal matter—have taken it, so to speak, right into the family circle. Everybody remembers how quickly Lady Dorothea got into the thick of the fighting in Belgium. She was in the first little handful of nurses, since grown to an army;

she was known as "a Jeanne d'Arc in khaki" a good year before any of us had so much as an armlet to our credit. And though she got the name, and the Press cuttings, her sisters were active too. One brother was in the Coldstream Guards, and another was on board the *Defence* when she went down in the Jutland battle.



THE BEAUTIFUL WIFE OF A BRAVE SAILOR: LADY BEATTY.

The recent brilliant attack, led by Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, as Commander of the First Battle-Cruiser Squadron, upon the German High Seas Fleet, lends peculiar interest to our portraits of his wife and sons. Sir David has a fine Service record, and Lady Beatty has good reason to be proud of her husband. Lady Beatty was, before her marriage, in 1901, well known as Miss Ethel Field, daughter of Mr. Marshall Field, Senior, a Chicago millionaire.

Photograph by Sarony.

they could hold," and when Wilson was last in England he spent a week in the Lake District in order to pay his tribute to the memory of his favourite author.

The Taxi to the Rescue.

To hark back to a very pretty wedding of more than a week ago, I noticed that Miss Maude and her soldier were rescued from a momentary awkwardness by the invaluable taxi. After the ceremony, when they came out of the church, their motor had vanished. A crowd of friends was behind them, for Miss Maude is extraordinarily well liked, and everybody was at the wedding. "That's the car for us," said the bridegroom, spying a cab. They were off in it before anybody had time to offer the loan of a Rolls-Royce; and the taxi-man was so pleased to be requisitioned by the fair and gallant-looking couple that he forgot to haul down his flag!

Lady Winefride.

And now the son of Lady Winefride Elwes, wife of the singer, is marrying. It is another war wedding, for Mr. Elwes, like his cousin, is in the Coldstream Guards; it belongs to the category of other Feilding marriages arranged since the war. For one of them, it is remembered, Lady Dorothea hurried back from the front just in time to change her work-worn khaki for the regulation millinery prettinesses of a bridal party. The Feildings, as I say, have taken up the war in earnest; and the splendid thing about them is that they keep up their spirits, and keep on marrying, just the same. The latest news of Lady Winefride, who has recently undergone a serious operation, is, we are glad to say, quite reassuring.

Washington and Wordsworth.

Washington has been condoling with Sir Cecil Spring Rice, whose brother figured in a recent instalment of the Roll of Honour. It is no empty sympathy that Americans offer to the Ambassador. In a hundred ways he and his wife have established themselves in their affections. I do not refer so much to Lady Cecil's fencing "breakfasts" and similar social enterprises as to the closer personal relations that exist between the Ambassador's household and the people of Washington. One thing in particular they have in common with the President—the inspiration of our poets. Somebody said of the Spring Rice girls in old days that they were "as full of Wordsworth as



YOUNGER SON OF SIR DAVID BEATTY: MASTER PETER BEATTY.

The second son of Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty suggests, if there is anything in the art of physiognomy, a determined and resolute disposition, and no lack of pluck, which may one day make him as fine a sailor as his distinguished father.—[Photograph by Sarony.]



ELDER SON OF SIR DAVID BEATTY: MASTER DAVID FIELD BEATTY.

The elder son of Vice-Admiral Beatty is a sturdy boy, and his "Lion" cap and sailor suit suggest at a glance that he is the son of a sailor. A good-looking lad, a smile in his eyes and on his lips, gives promise of an Irish sense of humour.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

SOCIETY IN SUNSHINE: SOME NOTABILITIES SNAPSHOTTED.



A MORNING STROLL: VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS
READING.



A FAMOUS PEER CHATTING WITH A FRIEND:
LORD RIBBLESDALE AND MRS. MCBRIDE.



"WITH A SMILE ON HER LIPS":
LADY HELEN BEAUMONT.



AN AUNT OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER:
H.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

On the sunnier mornings of late the Park has been refreshingly enlivened by the presence of a good many well-known people, chiefly, of course, ladies. In our first photograph are seen Viscount and Viscountess Reading—the Lord Chief Justice and his wife—probably the first time they were caught by the camera after Lord Reading's "step" in the Peerage.—Our second picture shows Lord Ribblesdale, at the railings,

chatting with Mrs. McBride.—In Photograph No. 3, we have a charming glimpse of the Hon. Helen Beaumont, daughter of Viscount Allendale; and our fourth picture is of H.H. the Duchess of Teck, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster, and aunt of the present holder of the title. The Duchess was Lady Margaret Evelyn Grosvenor, and was married in 1894.—[Photographs by Topical.]

IN FOURS.



"D'ye happen-to-know where B Company is, Mate?"
 "Nah Poo, Chum. Don't ask me. I ain't the blinkin' 'Arbour-Master!"

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



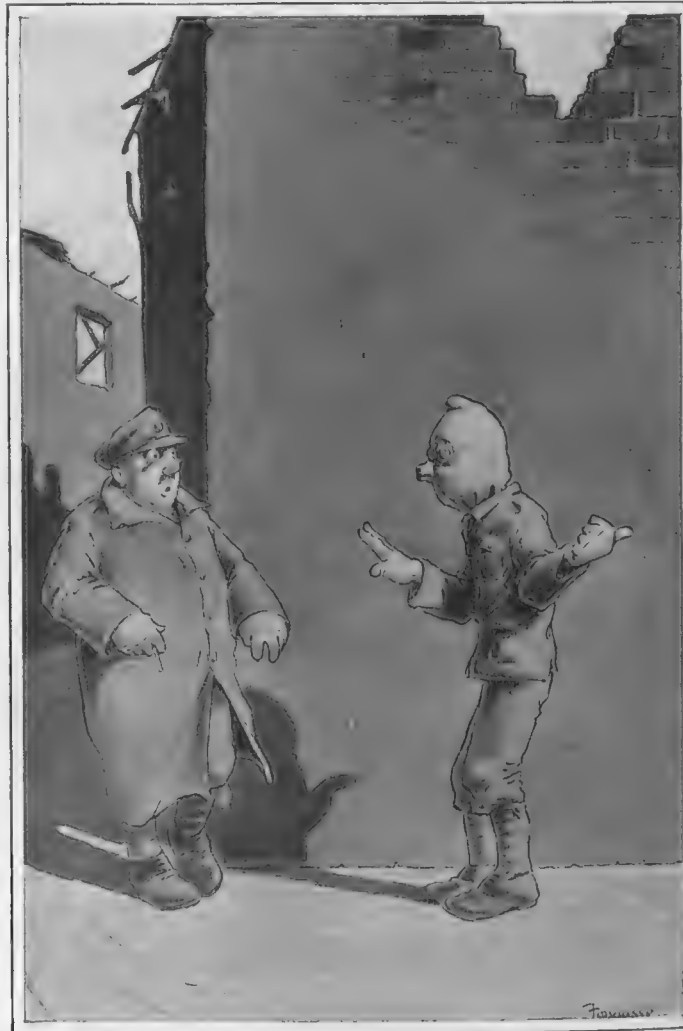
THE HUMOURIST: 'Eard about 'old Bill 'ere savin' a feller's life yesterday?
 EXCITED CHORUS: NO!
 THE HUMOURIST: Yus. Fired 'at 'im and missed 'im!

DRAWN BY FOUCASSE.



"'Ere's a bloke in the House o' Commons suggesting that we haven't
 got enough men out 'ere."
 "Ho! I wonder how e'd like to be put to sleep in this billet!"

DRAWN BY FOUCASSE.



"'Ere, hullo! Wot's all this gas-'elmet about?"
 "S-sh! Sergeant-Major's lookin' for the man wot accidental put a
 rat-trap in 'is bed—and I'm it!"

DRAWN BY FOUCASSE.

A MILITARY CHORUS: THE "INTRODUCER" OF "HENRY V."



AS CHORUS: MISS MIRIAM LEWES, AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Miss Miriam Lewes, as the Chorus in Mr. Martin Harvey's production of "Henry V.," at His Majesty's, makes a notable and unusual figure, appearing as she does clad in the militant fashion here shown. Her garb, so different from the classic or romantic style of clinging draperies hitherto *de règle* for the rôle, is one of the new

spectacular features, blending old and new methods, which Mr. Harvey has so happily presented at His Majesty's. As the Chorus, Miss Miriam Lewes delivered the spirit-stirring periods assigned her in the play with splendid fervour and impressive power, which were in the highest degree effective.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



The Pipe Race

In this peculiar race the one who is last wins. Pack your pipe with Bond of Union and time it against another man or other men smoking a different mixture.

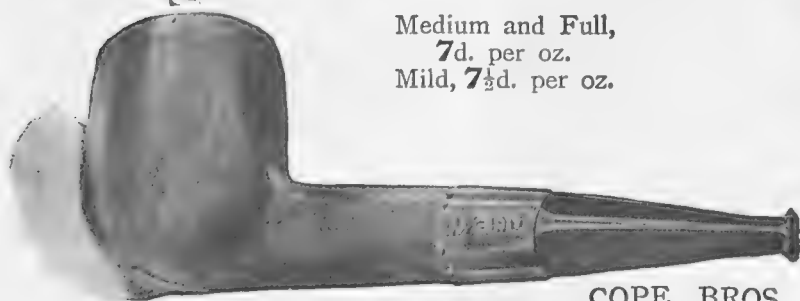
Start together, and if the pipes are fairly the same size you will find your pipe of Bond of Union lasts half as long again as the ordinary mixtures of your competitors.

This means you will not only save baccy money, but you will get more enjoyment from the cool, slow smoking of your pipe and the perfect development of the flavour.

Bond of Union is composed of certain choice leaves which give an essentially cool, slow smoke. And each kind of tobacco in the mixture is separately cured so as to bring out the individual flavour.

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We will post "Bond of Union" to Soldiers or Sailors abroad, specially packed, at 3/6 per lb., duty free. Minimum order $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. Postage (extra) 1/- for $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. up to $1\frac{1}{2}$ -lbs.; 1/4 up to 4 lbs. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us. Postal Address:—Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd., Lord Nelson St., Liverpool.



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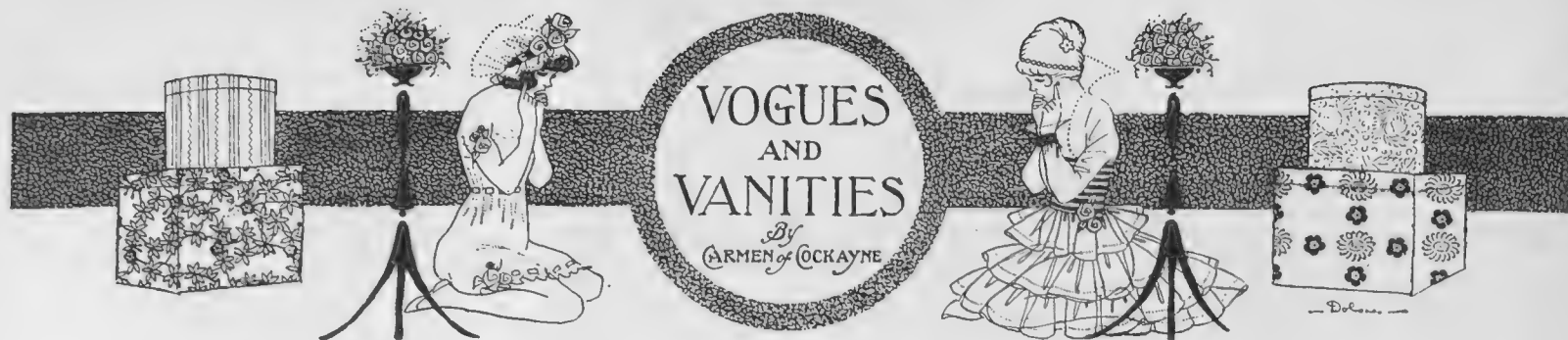
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WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?



THE LEAVE-EXPIRED TOMMY, FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED (to itinerant musician): Say, guv'nor! Want ter buy a mouth-organ?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



Art in the Home—War Style.

The war has necessitated a general stock-taking and readjustment of all our old methods of life. Nothing, from fashionable frocks to frying-pans, has escaped its restraining hand. The theatre-goer is its latest victim. Box habitués, we are informed, have gone down into the stalls; stallites have gone up to the dress-circle; dress-circlers may, in their turn, move higher yet. Only the patrons of the gallery are unaffected; and, after all, circumstances are against their moving anywhere except into the street.

Space and Taste. All this reconstitution-of-our-ideas process has given an importance to the art of house-decoration which might otherwise seem out of harmony with the general seriousness of the times. A high income tax and a general depreciation of securities have, between them, forced a good many people to move from large into small or comparatively small houses, and those houses have to be made habitable. So it comes about that recently a stimulus has been given to artistic invention which will probably mark the present period as a new starting-point in our ideas on domestic art. A great many old notions are being thrown on the scrap-heap. To begin with, quite a casual survey of the matter immediately brings the welcome knowledge that stodgy Victorianism has gone, it is to be hoped for good. It was defeated not only by the necessity of economising space, but on its own merits—or, to be more accurate, its own demerits. It is difficult to understand how it ever established a footing at all. Did people ever conceive a genuine passion for slippery horsehair-covered sofas, antimacassars, cumbersome furniture, and curtains apparently especially designed to induce gloom as well as to exclude all air? But probably Fashion rather than inclination was at the root of the evil; so in this department, at any rate, the changes she has introduced are all to the good.

Slump of the "Period" Room.

Incidentally, too, a blow—for the time being at least—has been given to the "Period" room. It is not that Jacobean hangings have lost their charm, or Chippendale chairs and tables the elegance that makes them irresistible to the furniture-lover. Sheraton bookcases and Queen Anne cabinets are still attractive, but for the present—except in the case of owners of large houses—impracticable luxuries. There are a great many people who can no longer afford the space for displaying styles as they should be shown; and, of course, the idea of having a room like an old curiosity shop repels anyone with a cultivated taste in such matters. Besides, the exigencies of the war have compelled the sale of not a few household treasures. Valuable antiques are being turned into War Loan, and becoming the heirlooms of American

munition magnates and Argentine beef kings. But the people who are making these sacrifices are just precisely those who must have their houses or flats furnished with ideas, and it is to meet their wants that the great decorators and furnishing firms have been cudgelling their brains with a success that is brilliant both in a literal and a metaphorical sense.

The Note of Colour.

For colour, rich and bright and varied, and plenty of it, is the keynote of modern art as applied to household decoration. But it is not enough for the room of to-day to appeal to the æsthetic sense alone. It must stimulate as well. Mere "prettiness," the bread-and-butter room, as it were, panelled with roses and provided with an indeterminate sort of carpet, finds no place in the home of the householder imbued with the latest notions on domestic art. On the contrary, he rejoices in deep purples and glowing orange, rich indigo shades and strong greens, which by some magic influence blend into a harmonious whole under the inspired direction of the true artist.

Chinese Inspiration.

Then there is the furniture. To be really fashionable—fashion affects furniture as well as frocks—it must be modern with a spice of Chinese thrown in. Curiously enough, Chinese furniture—or at any rate furniture that is inspired by Chinese ideals—harmonises perfectly with the room decorated in accordance with ultra-new notions. So the newest chairs and sofas and tables are faithful copies of examples of old Chinese incised lacquer, and some idea of just how charming it looks can be gauged from Dolorès' sketch. For the rest, the interested will find the originals, with numerous other examples, at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's, in Oxford Street, where the science of interior decoration has

been carried to the finest of fine arts. Of course, there are other and less pronounced styles for those who cling faithfully to old traditions; and others, again, which, owning allegiance to no known precepts, are a law unto themselves and a delight to those who

at all times love the freakish. It is not, for instance, wrong to paper your walls with gold and daub them with red sealing-wax yourself, a touch of red being reckoned as essential to the

success of any decorative scheme. Instead of flowers, coloured shells are used in flat bowls of water; and chintzes, patterned with the national flowers of the Allies or with Shakespearean blossoms, are topical touches which help to bring household decoration into close touch with the events of the times and keep business as usual.



It is all modern, every bit of it, despite the fact that at first sight you would take the sofa for antique Chinese incised lacquer. The light that falls from the black-and-orange lamp-shade casts a warmer glow upon the bronze-gold walls.

SOILERS OF THE SEA.



THE UNFORTUNATE MEETING OF MRS. KENSINGTON GORE (WHO HAS READ THE "EXTRAVAGANCE" WAR-POSTERS AND IS SPENDING A FEW DAYS AT LITTLE SHRIMPINGTON-ON-SEA IN ORDER TO SOIL HER NEW CLOTHES) AND MRS. BROMPTON RHODE (WHO HAS COME TO THE SAME PLACE FOR THE SAME PURPOSE).

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE WRAITH OF UNCLE SAMUEL.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

UNTIL the beginning of the year I'd always got on pretty decently with my Uncle Samuel. Not that we met often.

He generally turned up during the summer, when there was a decent moon, and again in the late autumn, when there were mists drifting over the park, and in the panelled room at Christmas. But he was never what you could call an intrusive ghost. "Fully authenticated, but absolutely inoffensive," was Uncle Samuel's motto. Jigberry's "Guide to Bunchester and Neighbourhood" gave him a paragraph all to himself: "The old manor-house, still in the hands of the Delabois family, is said to be haunted by the ghost of Sir Samuel, the second baronet, who in 1670 married a beautiful young Frenchwoman attached to the Court, and who—though the murder was never proved—was said to have been poisoned by her a year later. The lady went back to France, and the estates passed to Sir Samuel's younger brother." *Et cetera.*

It was late in March—the 25th, to be exact—when I came upon Uncle Samuel in the hall. I caught sight of him near the door. He gave a gusty sigh of relief when he saw me, and materialised a bit more sharply.

"Hullo!" I said. "This isn't your usual haunting-time. Anything wrong?"

He nodded moodily, and stared down at his puce leather and be-diamonded shoes.

"Cough it up!" I said.

And then, for the first time since I'd known him, he started something like a coherent conversation. I gathered that in some way I'd disappointed the old chap—badly.

"But how?" I asked.

"This—this world-conflict——" said my Uncle Samuel.

"Not my fault that the doctor's turned me down," I told him. "It's the Delabois knee—gives out after an hour or so's marching. You ought to know all about that. So I've had to stay at home and look after what's left of the estate."

The last sentence upset him worse than ever. Apparently I'd been doing the wrong thing, and doing it all the time. How the dickens was I to know that he'd look on a little Stock Exchange flutter as a shade worse than murder?

"Hang it all," I said, "I was only trying to buck up the family income!"

"And you lost," he hissed, "one hundred pounds—or was it two?"

"Two-fifty-six, eighteen, ten," I admitted. "But I'd sense enough to drop speculating for——"

"For a profession which doth fill the park with an incessant squawking and crowing!"

"You're referring to the chickens?"

He nodded malevolently. It seemed that he'd always hated fowls. Maybe I ought to have remembered that roast capon was supposed to have been the chief item of his last earthly meal.

"They," I said, "were Cubwell's idea. Awfully decent chap, Cubwell, but a bit unpractical. He reckoned that chicken-farming ought to show a profit of about thirty per cent. on the first year's working. He'd got the percentage right enough, but the profit was the other way about. Still, there was a certain amount of sport about the business while it lasted. Any other complaints?"

He pointed with a twitching forefinger to a copy of the *Daily Helio* that lay on a chair near. There was an advertisement of mine on the front page.

"Meaning," I said, "that it strikes you as a bit *infra dig.* for the last of the Delabois to advertise the family mansion in a rag of that sort? But something had to be done, and I've let the place for three months, certain. Jolly good terms too—thanks to you."

"To—to me!" mouthed Uncle Samuel.

"You, laddie. The tenant's a Mr. Lysander Thudd, of Thuddville, Pa., U.S.A. He calls himself the Cracker King, though whether he makes biscuits or fireworks I'm not quite clear. He and his daughter were on the look-out for a genuine manor-house with a ghost to fit, and he read all about you in Jigberry's Guide, and that settled it. He said you were 'the dandiest proposition he'd struck since he left N'York.'"

"And what," said my Uncle Samuel, "will you do?"

"Get digs in town, I expect, and try to turn an honest penny at journalism."

He made a final agonised movement with both bony hands, and vanished. I suppose it was a trifle rough on the old fellow to see the last of the family supplanted by a man with a name like

Thudd. But the chance had been altogether too good to drop. The Thudds were coming down the next afternoon to go over the place—up till then only Pop Thudd had seen it. The train, as usual, was late, and I'd three-quarters of an hour to wait. Gwen Floyd, the rector's niece, was on the platform. I've known Gwen all her life, but she still blushes if she meets a fellow unexpectedly. We talked over village affairs, and she said she hoped I'd lend the Long Meadow for the school sports, as usual.

"Sorry," I said, "but I shan't be in possession. I've let the house to some Americans, and it'll rest with them."

"And you?" said Gwen.

"Oh, I'll be doing the absentee-landlord act in town. I've been offered the dramatic criticism of a new paper that's coming along in a week or so, and I'm going into rooms."

The train slid into the station, and Gwen drifted off. Old Thudd and his daughter skipped out of the compartment before it had fairly come to a standstill. I'd been given to understand that the girl was something worth looking at, and she was. There were no lichens on the fair Mamie. Her eyes and complexion were brilliant enough to fire a powder-factory, and her rig-out would have made most of the women in Bond Street look dowdy.

"I conclude," she said, with a dazzling smile, "that this is Sir Gilbert Delabois, Bt. It's the first time we've located a landlord with half a page of Debrett to his credit, and I'm just crazy to see the house."

"I've the dog-cart outside," I said, and led the way through the station-yard. I'd have introduced them to Gwen, but she'd disappeared.

The park, the gardens, and the house were all too 'cute for words, and the fact that Uncle Samuel didn't put in an appearance in broad daylight seemed the only fly in the Thudd ointment. They arranged to take possession at the end of the week, and I walked back to the station with them in the dusk, and then home.

As I got to the end of Lovers' Path—they've fool names for pretty nearly every thoroughfare in Bunchester—I caught a glimmer of something moving among the blackberry-bushes. I'd an idea that it might be Gwen Floyd, but when I came nearer I saw that it was my Uncle Samuel.

"Want to see me?" I said. "Or is this merely a little casual haunting to fill up the time?"

He glared. Uncle Samuel's glare is one of his biggest assets—one of his hall-marks, like the puce-coloured slippers.

"That—that wench!"

"Meaning Miss Thudd? What's wrong—her accent?"

"Either the baggage leaves the house within a week of her coming or I do!"

"That," I said, "is just flapdoodle—bluff—swank. Because you know as well as I do that a ghost can't drop his legitimate haunting-place like an errand-boy changing his job on pay-day. You're a fixture. And they're jolly good tenants; and, even if they weren't, they're not permanencies. Your mistake," I said, "is in thinking you can dictate terms, on the strength of a couple of centuries' undisturbed occupation."

"Yet from time immemorial——" he raved.

"Wrong again," I said. "Speaking legally, immemorial rights date prior to Richard the Second. And you're only Late Stuart. As matters stand at present, the Thudd family will hail you with delight if you do appear; and if you don't, console themselves with the oak panelling and the Dutch garden. And that's all there is about it."

Gibbering with fury, he vanished.

A week later saw me in rooms near Westminster. The landlady, though no cook, wasn't worse than most of her class; the new paper looked like being a success; Thudd, at his own suggestion, had insisted on planking down three months' rent in advance; and things in general were rather rosy.

I came back from a performance at the Duke of Lancaster's—it was "The Gondola Girl," and an uncommonly good show—to find Mrs. Boocher, my landlady, huddled up on a chair in the kitchen, moaning.

"Hullo!" I said. "Taken queer? Or is it burglars, or a fire?"

She shook her head feebly.

"It's ghosts, Sir! 'Orrible! In your room, too. I knew the 'ouse was an old one when I came, but I never expected to see a gent with diamond buckles in 'is slippers a-prancin' about on the landin'!"

[Continued overleaf.]

LADY MOTORISTS

The ONLY thing you FEAR
when driving a CAR is

TYRE TROUBLE.

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"That's all right," I said. "These confounded lighting regulations have got on your nerves. Brace yourself up with a cup of hot tea or something, and I'll investigate."

I left her protesting that I shouldn't live to tell the tale, and went up. Of course, I saw just what I expected to see—my Uncle Samuel. For the moment he didn't recognise me, and started wagging his head and waving his arms.

"Oh, ring off!" I told him. "That sort of thing's all right as a Society entertainment, but with a chap that's known you all his life it's sheer waste of ghostly energy. What's brought you here?"

"She!" he hissed. "She, and her no less insufferable parent!"

"And, because I won't get rid of them, you come bustling in where you're neither wanted nor expected, and scare a very excellent old lady into hysterics. Confound it all——!"

"Hark ye!" said my Uncle Samuel. "Two nights ago there was summoned a Grand Council of Spectres. I laid my plight before them, and they did grant me full leave to appeal against the coming of these interlopers. Such being the case——"

At this moment the clock on the mantelpiece struck briskly.

"Midnight," I said. "The clock's a second or two fast, but—well, you'd better be going, hadn't you?"

He had gone before I had finished the sentence.

"If you've no objection, Sir"—thus Mrs. Boocher the next morning—"I think it'd be as well if you was to look out for rooms elsewhere. Because, although I ain't blamin' you for the ghost, I 'eard you chattrin' with 'im on my way to bed in a manner that fair made my blood curdle. And so——"

"That's all right," I said. "If you've recovered your circulation sufficiently to make out the bill, I'll settle up at once."

It was a jolly day, and there was no particular hardship in house-hunting. As it happened, I found decent rooms almost at once, and then, as there was nothing special doing at the office, decided to run down to Bunchester. I caught the afternoon train, and ran up against Mamie in the High Street. She struck me as looking more vividly handsome than ever. Her father insisted on my staying the night, and offered me the panelled room.

"Unless, Sir Gilbert, you're afraid of meeting that ghost of yours," he said.

"Uncle Samuel and I," I said, "are old friends."

Marie flashed a glance at me.

"Gee whiz! but I'd give a good deal to have a seventeenth-century ancestor as friendly as all that," she murmured wistfully.

As a matter of fact, Uncle Samuel turned up as I was going to bed. He slithered into the room with a rush that put the candle out, so that I had to grope my way between the blankets.

"You—you have commanded these upstarts to depart?" he asked eagerly. "Especially the brazen-eyed wench?"

"Not quite!" I said. "Why should I? As I said before, they're top-hole tenants, and the girl's pretty enough to advertise a patent tooth-powder."

He indulged in a double-shuffle of pure rage.

"Yet I swear if you wed her——"

"The idea hadn't occurred to me before," I told him. Nor had it. But I'd heard worse suggestions. "But I'll let you know if I do, though I don't suppose it'll be much use asking an uncle's blessing—especially an uncle as remote as you."

"I—I will haunt you both," stuttered Uncle Samuel, "until——"

At that precise moment, a cock crowed—he was the last of the Cubwell lot, and about the earliest riser in the South of England—and Uncle Samuel had to do the vanishing-act again.

"And the ghost?" inquired Mamie, when we met at the breakfast-table.

"Oh, he turned up. And chatty wasn't the word for it."

"Maybe you'll find time to introduce us," said old Thudd.

"For, of course, you're staying for the sports on Saturday?"

I thanked him, and explained that it was out of the question—that there was a new revue at the Gargantuan that I had to write up, but that I'd like to come down later. Mamie herself drove me to the station in the car Thudd had had sent down, and on the way we passed Gwen Floyd. She looked rather white and fagged; I thought. I gathered that the Thudds had got to know her quite well.

"She's a peach!" said Mamie definitely.

I didn't have a visit from Uncle Samuel that night, maybe because he hadn't tracked me to my new rooms. But the night after he turned up in time for a real heart-to-heart talk, and lost his temper after the first two minutes. When he'd found out that Mamie had driven me to the station, the old chap's wrath was something to remember. He plunged, he pirouetted, he flung his bony arms heavenward, he rattled his vertebræ like a missionary collecting-box; he mouthed, he gibbered, he groaned, he gave off enough phosphorescence to start a match-factory. And the more I tried to soothe him, the madder he got. He was still whirling about in a tango of fury when I dropped asleep.

All the next morning I perceived that my landlady had something on her mind. At lunch-time she unloaded it.

"You will remember, Sir, the arrangement made concerning the gas in your room?"

"Quite," I said.

"Then I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself for turning it up so bright that it showed even through the blinds! And the

result is that I've had a summons from the police—*me*, that was never in a police-court in my life—and the man that brought it tells me that I'll be lucky if they let me off with a couple of pounds!"

It wasn't pleasant hearing. But since explanations were impossible, I could only offer to pay the fine, and to clear out at once.

I fancy Uncle Samuel must have overheard enough of our conversation to give him a hint of the value of his own luminosity as a weapon. I saw nothing of him the next night, which I spent at an hotel, nor the night after, and I was beginning to hope that the worst was over when I came across a paragraph in the *Helio* that told me it wasn't. "Zeppelin Bomb on East Coast Mansion," ran the heading, and without actually naming the locality, it went on to supply enough details to make me pretty certain that it was the manor house. And it was. The airship had, it appeared, been sailing peacefully homeward after dropping a few bombs in a forty-acre field, when, attracted by a succession of moving lights, it had stopped and dropped three extras. The bombs had missed the house itself, but had played up gorgeously with a greenhouse and part of the garden. The lights themselves had been seen by various people, none of whom could explain them. By the same morning's post was a letter from Pop Thudd, asking me to come down by an early train to inspect the damage.

I wired a reply, and went. I found Mamie in the garden, staring down into a crater as deep as a house.

"I'm tremendously sorry—" I began.

"Don't apologise," she said quickly. "It isn't your fault that we've decided to strike the home-trail."

"But a nerve-shattering ordeal of that sort——"

She stared.

"Nerve-shattering? Say, are you getting at me, Sir Gilbert? We're leaving because those bangs in the middle of the night, with the anti-aircraft guns chiming in, reminded me of little old N'York, where the cars and the freight-trains and the sirens all yell together, until I just had to tell Pop how homesick I was. Especially since the postman brought this." She produced the portrait of a serious-faced young man with large hands and hair parted with beautiful regularity. "That's Eddy," she explained. "Eddy Van Gomp. His firm makes candies, and he had a row with Pop when they both tried to corner the sugar market. Otherwise, it was up to Eddy to do the Benedick stunt with me. But since Pop's come to the conclusion that the restfulness here sorter suffocates him, and that he's bound to go back soon, I guess Eddy'll get another chance."

"I see," I said.

"Which reminds me," continued Miss Thudd, "that young George Dinniford, the solicitor's son, has been hanging around the village lately. I expect you know him."

"Quite well," I said. "A bigger ass never played the fool with a test-tube."

"Sure?"

"Why?"

"Only that I guess he's doing his best to jump another fellow's claim. As I told Miss Floyd, she's a million times too good for him."

"She's a billion times too good. Still, it's—news."

Miss Thudd nodded.

"That's so. And when you've had your chat with Pop, I guess you might do worse than go round and wish her joy."

And when the details were settled—old Thudd wanted to catch the boat sailing on Friday, and, by the same token, insisted on paying in full for the tenancy—I went. I found Gwen in the rectory garden.

"I suppose," she said brightly, as I came up, "that you've called for congratulations?"

"What about?" I said, and her answer took all the wind out of my sails.

"Coal," she said. "Haven't you met Mr. Dinniford?"

I shook my head.

"He heard you were coming, and went to meet the train. I suppose he missed it."

"Probably. For about the first time since the line's been opened for traffic, we were a minute ahead of schedule."

"He's come home for a holiday, and when the Zeppelins had gone, he went to look at the damage. And he says that the bombs have blown up enough earth to convince him that there's coal on the Delaboys property—heaps of it. He'll go into details, probably, when he meets you."

"But I was told," I said—this was when I'd digested the news a bit, "that he was staying in Bunchester for another reason."

She wrinkled her forehead with a puzzled frown. "What *do* you mean?" Then, as it dawned upon her, she blushed as only Gwen can blush. "What could have put such nonsense into your head!"

I found myself blazing with all sorts of queer, heady emotions.

The wedding was within a couple of months. There was the usual crowd at the church, and the usual well-wishers scattered confetti and slung slippers after us. One, whizzing from an unseen hand, made the horses shy violently before it vanished—for good—in the long grass at the back of the Delaboys vault. Gwen and I both saw the thing distinctly. It was made of puce-coloured leather, with a buckle that glittered in the sunlight, and, judging from the pattern, was the type of foot-gear worn by the upper classes about Anno Domini 1670.

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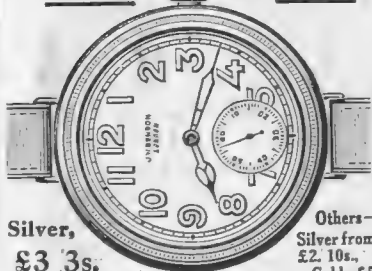


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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE new revue, "Pell Mell," at the Ambassadors', has all the irresponsible gaiety of its predecessors, and is rather more ambitious in its spectacular effects. Its parody of a musical-comedy business office and its Arabian Nights scene will bear comparison with other revues whose chief ambition is dress and colour and gorgeousness; but it still retains that intimate family-party air, that fondness for going behind the scenes, which constitutes one of the chief charms of the clever productions at this attractive little theatre. The painter, for instance, is still at work on the proscenium while the audience are coming in, and has to be removed by Mr. Cochran; and the curtain rises on the dress-rehearsal of the final chorus and discloses the fact that the scene-painter has provided a study of the Alexandra Palace in mistake for Cleopatra's palace at Alexandria. Thus brightly do things begin; and Mlle. Delysia, M. Morton, Mr. Morris Harvey, Mr. J. M. Campbell, Miss Dorothy Minto, and Mr. Nat. D. Ayer then set themselves vigorously to showing us, for instance, how an office looks in real life, and in musical comedy; how M. Morton is baffled at the Piccadilly Tube by people who insist on asking him the way; and how elderly ladies play "Little Winnie" for the 80,000th time in provincial melodrama. This last is among the best things of the evening, which includes a delightful pantomime of an actress and her lover and an elderly viscount, in which Mlle. Delysia and M. Morton are as brilliant as ever; but nearly everything is good, and there is very little that will require to be cut out or worked up. Both M. Morton and Mr. Harvey have more to do than usual; and Mr. Nat. D. Ayer is a valuable addition to the little company, both as composer and singer. Altogether an excellent revue, and one which should live as long as did the various editions of "More."

At the Royalty, "Disraeli" reached its seventy-fifth performance last week, and Mr. Dennis Eadie's rendering of the part of the famous statesman has obviously proved as popular as it deserves to be, for it is interesting, able, and sympathetic, and an excellent example of Mr. Eadie's wonderful way of sinking his own personality in that of any character which he may be playing. Without him there would be much to criticise in Mr. Louis Parker's highly imaginative version of the political life of the Disraeli era; with him, we can overlook these things and settle down to an amused appreciation of this picture of the way in which the Suez Canal shares were bought, and of the great man letting his kind



WITH PATRIOTIC PET: MISS TEDDIE GERARD, OF THE PALACE.

Photograph by Arbuthnot.

heart get so much the better of his head. There have been some changes in the cast, but the play has not suffered. Miss Muriel Pope now plays the female spy, and acts cleverly in the part. This is the chief change; and the important thing is that Miss Mary Jerrold is still Lady Beaconsfield, and Miss Mary Glynné is still Lady Clarissa.

WOMAN'S WAYS

Good-bye, Gallantry!

Mr. H. G. Wells thinks that Man, in the coming years, will definitely discard his attitude of "awe and romantic old world gallantry" towards women. Some of us think that the limit has already been reached of cordial frankness between the sexes, and that the detached attitude can no further go without overstepping the line which leads to rudeness. The difference, even in conservative Frenchmen, is enormous. It is difficult to picture, in the same drawing-room, a young man of quality, say, of the year 1785 and a young Parisian of the same standing of to-day. And it is precisely towards women that their outlook would be so changed. Each would be shocked—the one at the artificiality of the eighteenth-century attitude, the other at the twentieth-century indifference to the charms of sex. The youth in "Les Affaires sont les Affaires" who drank nothing but cold water, never looked at a woman, and whose whole soul was wrapped up in his racing-automobile (to-day it would be an aeroplane), was not so uncommon in France before the war. It is many a long day since Parisians made sonnets to anybody's eyebrows, or even fine speeches such as the Austrian gilded youth still loves to "let off" on sophisticated young women, who, to be sure, take them for what they are worth. As to a pretty speech from an Englishman—unless he is in love—it would be startling enough to call for social comment.



FELICITATIONS: THE HON. MRS. ADRIAN BETHELL.

The Hon. Mrs. Adrian Bethell, who has received many congratulations upon the birth of a daughter, is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenconner, and was, before her marriage last year to Captain Adrian Bethell, 2nd Life Guards, very popular as the Hon. Clarissa Madeline Georgiana Félicité Tennant.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Too Many Girls in Stageland.

Are there not—indeed, have there not been for many years past—too many pretty girls, at the lighter theatres, all on the stage at once? For those of us who love beauty it sounds like heresy; but the prodigality with which these lovely young creatures are supplied makes for monotony. They look so bored and forlorn, too, wandering about in cohorts, attached to one middle-aged man in Bond Street clothes, or else to a droll who bears no known resemblance to the male biped as we see him around us. Moreover, there is a sense of superfluity about "great bundles of girls," as the Canadians have it. One single specimen from these lavish beauty-choruses would serve to set out an ordinary play. Why should we not try the Japanese example of placing one peerless flower in an almost empty room? At the playhouse we are now so familiar with alluring smiles and whirling petticoats that when four male characters take the stage to entertain us with song and dance we actually heave a sigh of relief. It is an extraordinary state of affairs. The supply of beauty and freshness in England is inexhaustible; but this massing of feminine figures results in a feeling akin to that of the pastry-cook—who is notoriously indifferent to the sweetstuff he sees in serried piles around him.

Grumpy.

There is no doubt that the rich are getting grumpy about war charities and funds. Do you but ask a semi-millionaire for half-a-crown, you are nowadays regarded with as much suspicion as if you had presented a revolver at his head. It is profoundly comic, and even a little tragic, that this should be. For the poor give willingly and lavishly, and a penny from an elderly working man means every bit as much as a pound from a fat bourgeois. It is amazing how the poor, how the small, untidy children, are all pleased and willing to buy on Flag Days. And it is idle to deny that the rich are patriotic, but they are getting (like our friends the French) more and more disinclined to put their hands in their pockets. It is also a singular fact that women, who have always less money than men, are much more munificent than their husbands or brothers.

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Changes. The present fashions will outlast the year—more may not be expected. American women do not like them, and, as they are the only smart women who are out of the war, the Parisian creators have them very much in mind. They, even more than we, keep in the swim up to middle-age, and the fashions of to-day suit nobody who looks more than twenty-five. Even here a woman told me that, after the news of the death of all our noble sailors, she looked at her short, fluffy skirts and her smart Louis shoes, and then at her own face, which, she said, appeared to her to tell even more than its tale of thirty summers, and then she put on a long, old skirt and went to consult the clever head of Harrod's costume department, who is fashioning for her something really stylish which is not also frivolous.

Russia for Ever. If there is one of our Allies we feel more warmly towards than another—I don't think there is—it should be Russia, either because it has a cold climate or because we have been guilty of misjudging Russians. The language sounds impossible, but we ought to learn it. I heard the Grand Duke Michael speak Russian, Serbian, and French in the space of a few minutes the other day, and admired his facility in each. He looks right well in uniform, and wears it as a soldier should. I believe the wedding of Countess Nada Torby and Prince George of Battenberg is to be private and informal. Although the young couple are cousins of Emperors, and the Russian Empress is Prince George's aunt, they prefer to keep out of the lime-light, especially in war-time. And there are questions of precedence that in the case of a royal or semi-royal wedding would be a nuisance to settle.

The Only Blue. Navy-blue will be more popular than ever—if that is possible—since our glorious Navy has given us yet another reason to do it honour. I have seen navy-blue taffeta coats and skirts, navy-blue

crépon-de-soie afternoon gowns, dinner-dresses of navy-blue chiffon and crêpe-de-Chine, and the other evening at a restaurant I saw a lady, tall, fair-haired, and with eyes of forget-me-not blue, wearing a square-cut bodice of navy-blue chiffon over white, and a skirt in draped points of chiffon trimmed with bias bands of silk gauze. The only relief was a gold rose with silver leaves catching the bodice folds, and two gold tassels hanging down at one side, from silver cords, on the skirt. In the fair hair was a wreath of navy-blue feather, having an osprey the same colour at one side. The shoes, stockings, and suede gloves were all navy-blue. It was, in fact, the only blue—as ours is the only Navy—worth mentioning.

Making the Best of Themselves.

I am sure that not only men, but our own sex also, feel grateful to those of us who consistently make the best of themselves. It is a duty we

ought all to perform, and yet, at a time of stress and anxiety such as we are now going through, many are apt to allow care for their personal appearance to relax. Teeth are possibly the things about us which most resent lack of care, and show it by becoming trouble-

some, discolouring, or falling out. There are scientifically prepared pastes, washes, and powders for all kinds of teeth to be found at Dr. Pierre's, 203, Regent Street, which are restorative and protective, also delightful to use because most refreshing. The wash put up in "sprinkler" bottles freshens up the mouth, is a disinfectant; and is absolutely free from minerals. Most of Dr. Pierre's people are with our glorious French Allies; but his wonderful specialties are still supplied, for which we may be thankful.

Westward Ho! The women who are practising war-time economy in the least aggressive way may be met early, on these new-time mornings, going West. Watch them, and it will be seen they are bound for Whiteley's, where they begin in the food departments, very carefully buying the best things at most moderate prices. Then they do matching for their home work, and finally give themselves a treat in the always alluring millinery department: buying a hat is a rare treat in war-time; but looking costs nothing! It is, however, dangerous to look at Whiteley's, for attraction added to moderation in price is dire temptation. Some days the shoppers stray into the sports coats salon of this famous emporium, and there they surely succumb, for these are irresistible. However, they never burden their consciences, for they know that they have made excellent investments, which is not extravagance.

Bridal Veils.

From America comes a new fashion in bridal veils. The pictures of most of the American beauties recently married show the veils arranged from a kind of filet slightly outward from the head. No doubt the arrangement admits of the veil being

over the face during the ceremony: the pictures, of course, show it thrown back. They are not, I think, becoming worn right away from the head; and, when down, must be suggestive of mosquito-nets. Brides here are more and more inclined to wear filet-shaped wreaths of leaves, with clusters of orange-blossoms at one or both sides, over their veils. The effect is graceful, virginal, and pretty. An American girl, Lady Torphichen, adopted this mode with excellent effect; also her veil of spotted Brussels net with a scalloped lace border was remarkably pretty, and a change from tulle. Marshall and Snelgrove are experts on bridal veils, and see which are the most suitable to the bride-to-be who consults them. And even the bride has so many others than herself to think of that the expert is valuable.

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE PETROL CONTROL COMMITTEE—A STORY: A HINT TO THE TREASURY: TYRES CHEAPER.

Converting a Committee.

If the inner history of the doings and deliberations of the Petrol Control Committee of the Board of Trade ever comes to be written, it will provide much interesting reading. Meanwhile, I may describe a little comedy which I know to have been incidental to its proceedings. Before the Committee had been appointed very long the garage proprietors throughout the country were invited by a motoring weekly to furnish evidence as to the extent of the falling-off or otherwise of private motoring in their respective districts; and the number of men, if any, whom they were employing on any but Government work. This evidence was to be placed at the disposal of the sub-committee of the Royal Automobile Club, which was considering the case for the private motorist as against the wholesale allegations of the War Savings Committee on the subject of wilful extravagance. It so happened that one worried garage-owner, having filled up the form of detailed questions, did not observe the source from which the inquiries had come, and forwarded the document to the Ministry of Munitions. It was handed over to the Petrol Control Committee, who scented a nefarious plot, and promptly summoned the garage-owner to appear before them. By this time he had discovered his mistake, and explained how he had received the schedule of inquiries, whereupon the Committee summoned the editor of the weekly journal concerned.

The Basis of Impartiality.

Presenting himself in due course, the editor was asked if he did not think he had done a very wicked thing in approaching the garage-owners, which was the function of the Committee itself. Naturally, he replied that the inquiries were sent out in connection with another matter altogether, and that it was necessary to find out the facts of the case, as the War Savings Committee had taken no evidence whatever, and the motoring organisations and industry generally could have told a very different tale on the subject of extravagance. He complained that still no efforts were being made to determine the motorist's view of the position. Then a member of the Petrol Committee rejoined, in a very lordly voice and aggressive manner: "We are not going to have anything to do with any of the motoring bodies or take evidence from any motorist whatever." Not to be brow-beaten, the witness replied: "Then, according to you, this Committee's chief quality for impartiality is ignorance?" This was a facer, and the atmosphere of the room underwent a perceptible change. The Committee condescended to ask some further questions; but before very long it was the witness who was questioning the Committee as to the completeness and fairness of their intentions, and, in point of fact, he delivered sundry hard knocks which made them decide to change the scope of their inquiry. Since then it has

reviewed the whole problem from a wider point of view, and among others from whom it has accepted evidence are the Automobile Association and Motor Union.

A Novel Point.

A summary of the A.A. testimony is to hand, and, *inter alia*, embodies a new suggestion. It appears that nearly ten million gallons of petrol were handed out last year, duty free, for industrial purposes. The A.A. points out, accordingly, that, while petrol is absolutely necessary as a fuel for motor vehicles, it may not be indispensable in certain industries, where a substitute or a heavier grade of spirit could be utilised. Independent technical opinion, therefore, should be secured on the utilisation of substitutes for petrol used for industrial purposes; and the Committee is further reminded that for every gallon so released for private motor vehicles sixpence would go to the

Treasury. As a matter of fact, indeed, it is somewhat surprising that the Treasury has not ere now put in a word for the private owner—and itself.

A Reduction in Tyre Prices.

One of the curiosities of war-time is the fact that, while nearly everything else has gone up in price, tyres have been maintained throughout at their former figures. This is the more remarkable when it is remembered that the price of many ingredients which go to the making of a tyre (among them being naphtha and sea-island cotton) has been advanced to a considerable extent; and I, for one, have been prepared for a rise in tyre prices for the past year or more. Now comes the surprising news that one firm of manufacturers at least has actually reduced, instead of raising, the price of its commodities—namely, Messrs. Moseley and Sons, of Ardwick, Manchester. The prices

of Moseley's grooved covers have been reduced approximately 10 per cent., and tubes 7½ per cent.; while steel-studded covers will also cost less than heretofore. As for the cause of this welcome announcement, it is stated to be due to the fact that Messrs. Moseley do not supply tyres to the trade on the common system of "sale or return," which allows tyres to depreciate when kept in stock; and the saving effected in depreciation costs is now acting to the benefit of the customer himself. Of course, the "S.O.R." system has grown up as the result of competition, and the desire of the motorist to buy tyres at any moment on the road, no matter where he may be travelling; but in war-time, at all events, he is far less likely to be under the necessity of making casual purchases, and can order his supplies definitely in advance from his home base. So long, therefore, as the method conduces to the lowering of prices, as in the case of the Moseley, it is worth perpetuating as against the present system of flinging sale-or-return stocks all about the country.



"FAG" DAY: THE MOBILE UNIT.

Our photograph shows a novel and successful feature of "Fag" Day, which gained a substantial sum for the fund for providing smokes for wounded soldiers and sailors. This is the car driven by Miss Lottie Berend, the well-known lady motor-cyclist. The Hon. Judith Denman, daughter of Lord Denman, is standing on the pillion; Miss Pearson, a daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Harold Pearson, is sitting on the back of the side-car; and in the side-car is Miss Tyrwhitt-Drake.—[Photograph by News Illustrations.]

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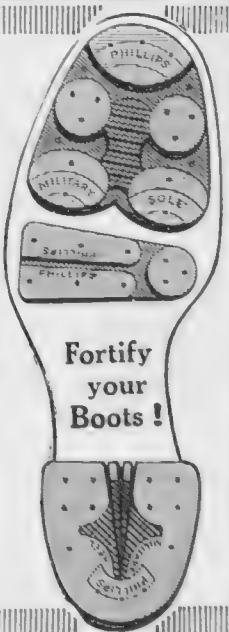
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WAR-TIME POEMS.

EVEN in war-time there are people who drop into poetry about affairs of the heart and the interests of a man-about-town with an eye to beauty, in nature or in woman. Witness two books of verse we have received—"Wandering Fires," by Pelham Webb (published by the author), and "Moods and Memories," by Mark Hyam (George Allen and Unwin). Mr. Webb has style and a piquant turn of sensuous imagination. In his verse there is a curious mixture of the erotic and the religious, as of a modern Herrick, but the erotic predominates. In one poem only there is an echo of the war, "Pel (in Gallipoli)"—

They say she is fair,
But far fairer to me
My beautiful brother across the high sea.
If he never return,
Tell me, how shall I part
With my love to a maid while a man
has my heart?

In Mr. Hyam's book there is no hint of any war-clouds darkening his horizon. His verse is of the type which it is kinder to quote than to criticise. This is the sort of thing, from "The Ballad of a Jade," the poem with which he leads off—

And I would chant you my own career
(Of a phase of it, let me say):
O'er a siren glad I once went mad
For about a year and a day.
By the fruits of my pen I was affluent then,
And could pay my way cash down;
And to help me on, till the funds were gone,
Came Eleanor Castletown.

We are left wondering who paid so affluently for the fruits of his pen.



A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY OF A FAMOUS MUSICIAN
ACTING IN A LONDON REVUE: M. LOUIS ROSSINI.

M. Louis Rossini, who is a great-nephew of the composer of "The Barber of Seville," is making his London debut in "Pell-Mell," the new revue at the Ambassadors'. He appears with Mlle. Delysia and M. Morton in the wordless playlet of Louis XV. times called "A Fragonard Impression," in which an actress compromises an old Marquess to obtain his consent to her marrying his son.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

Mr. Gilbert Frankau, before the war, was in the way of arriving as a satirist in metre. The hero of his "One of Us, a Novel in Verse," has been compared to Don Juan, and his poem of the *demi-monde* "somewhere East of Suez"—"Tid'apa"—has been called Kipling-esque. The war has brought him to the front in the military as well as in the literary sense. The poems in his new book, "The Guns" (Chatto and Windus), reprinted from *Land and Water*, sound a stronger note. They are still Kipling-esque, but it is Kipling in his severer rather than in his slangy mood that they recall. In these fine poems is heard the authentic sound of the guns as they speak to those who wield them. No outsider, however vivid his imagination, could strike the note so true. It is real war poetry, and good poetry too—

We are the guns, and your masters! Saw
ye our flashes?
Heard ye the scream of our shells in the
night, and the shuddering crashes?
Saw ye our work by the roadside, the
shrouded things lying,
Moaning to God that he made them—the
maimed and the dying?
Husbands or sons,
Fathers or lovers, we break them. We are
the guns!

To make one realise war, Mr. Frankau's poems are worth miles of official despatches. That their author went to Flanders with the Royal Field Artillery may be gathered from the fly-leaf, stating that "To Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. Coates, R.F.A.—in gratitude for many kindnesses—his Adjutant dedicates these pictures of active service." "These pictures" will live long.

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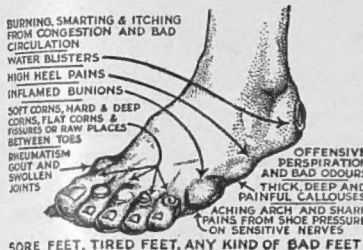
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Khaki Drill Service Jackets	1	15	0
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Many readers of the *Sketch* may be interested to know how I permanently cured the extremely painful foot troubles resulting from my first few days of route marching. After numerous powders and ointments had only increased the torture I consulted my medical man, and he explained that corns, callouses, bunions and blisters are simply indications of injured tissues, but that there is really no need of enduring any form of foot misery a single moment. They can all be instantly relieved and permanently cured by simply resting



SORE FEET, TIRED FEET, ANY KIND OF BAD FEET

the feet for about ten minutes in a warm foot-bath containing a tablespoonful of ordinary Reudel Bath Saltrates. This softens even the worst corns so they come out root and all at the first touch, and all calloused places, soreness and aching will quickly disappear. The feet being the farthest point from the heart to which the blood must be forced, foot troubles are often due to shoe pressure and defective circulation in these extremities. By treating the feet as above directed, you will stimulate the blood circulation, clear out sebacous matter from the clogged pores, render the skin active, healthy and free from offensive odour or injurious effects of acid perspiration, and thus banish foot troubles for all time. All chemists keep Reudel Bath Saltrates ready put up in convenient packets, one of which will prove more than sufficient to permanently end all foot misery. A friend to whom I mentioned these Saltrates even tried the treatment for chronic gout and rheumatism with astonishingly good results. Try it after coming in footsore from a long walk. You will feel like dancing with joy, and your newest, tightest boots feel like the oldest pair you have.—H.G.C.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Upon enquiry we find that although supplies of the above compound are limited, local chemists can still supply reasonable quantities from stock, and there has as yet been no advance in price. As in the case of all drugs, however, we are told that a sharp rise may be expected shortly, and it is therefore advisable to obtain a supply while it is still to be had easily and at very low cost.

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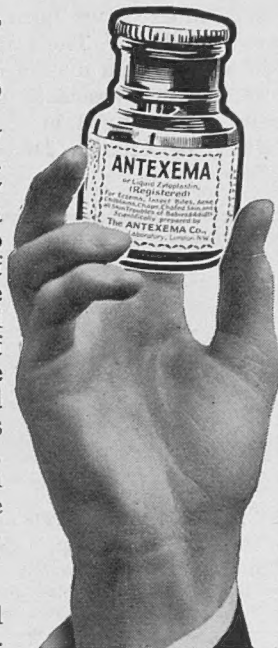
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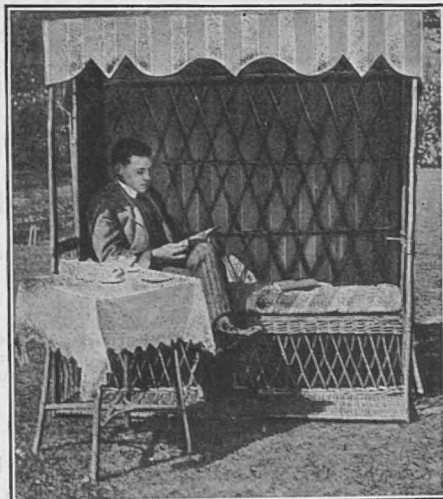
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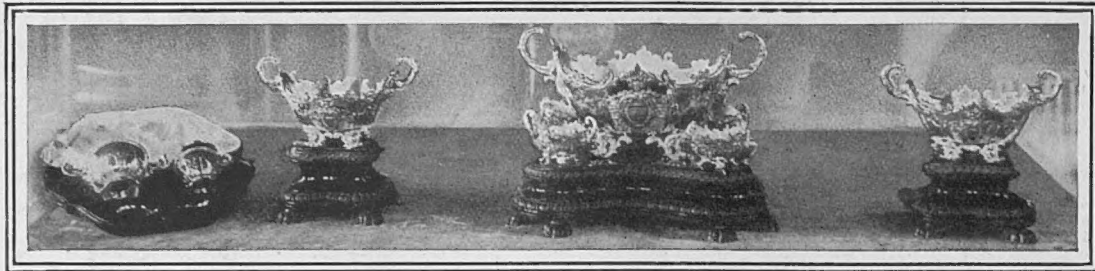
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GENERAL NOTES.

THE "War Fair" at the Caledonian Market took thousands of people last week into what must have been to the majority a bit of "Undiscovered London." There are many such districts of quite unsuspected interest within a mile or so of the heart of the great city even more rich in "associations" and in unusual types of places and people. If we lived in days such as those of Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, or Charles Dickens, we could find enough interesting things and people to fill the leisure of a lifetime without going "outside the radius."

Last week, everybody who did not go north to the Caledonian Market seemed to be going to Scotland. Lord Lovat went to Beaufort Castle; the Countess Torby went to Alloa; Lord Annaly, Viscount Galway, the Countess of Leven, Lady Aline Vivian, and Lord William Percy were all making the same journey. But it takes a long time and many Scotch expresses to empty London, either actually or nominally. That is to say, Bond Street and the restaurants teem with people; and even after many of those who have gone have really gone they appear on paper as stall-holders at this



A PRESENTATION FROM SHEFFIELD—TO THE WIFE OF THE AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER.

The fervour, brilliance, and patriotism of his "speeches like shells," as Mr. Lloyd George has described them, have made the Hon. William Hughes, Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, one of the most popular visitors we have had for years, and our readers will be interested in our illustration of the beautiful silver dessert service presented by the citizens of Sheffield to Mrs. Hughes, on the occasion of her husband receiving the Freedom of the City; and we also show the christening-set given to the Premier's baby daughter, Helen. The dessert service is in the "Louis Quinze" style, and stands on plinths carved in harmony with the same period. The christening-set comprises a porringer, cover, spoon, and can, richly embellished in the Elizabethan style. Both services were manufactured and supplied by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of the Royal Works, Sheffield.

and that Fair, and on other lists where a name is as useful as a presence.

The persistency with which rumours of a distressing nature got into circulation last week was a sure sign of "nerves," and it may well be suggested that there is something unpatriotic in repeating baseless and bewildering stories. It has been said that lies run on wheels, and that every idle hand is ready to oil them. One of the vices of war-time is to say or do anything calculated to add to the

anxiety of the public; and one of the virtues not to listen to, or not to retail, absurdities worthy of the Fat Boy whose one delight was to make his victims' flesh creep.

Life is full of anomalies, and no phases of it more so than these days of the strangest as well as most terrible war the world has known. On the one hand, we hear every day of an

appalling destruction of life which fulfils George Gissing's forecast of a time when scientific warfare would whelm the progress of the world in "blood-drenched chaos." On the other, we are told that tons of cricket-bats are being sent out to men at the front. It is well that this is so, for it will keep men "fit" in body and mind. Even in war it is well to avoid doing things that are "not cricket."

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Pastorals: A Book of Verses. E. C. Blunden. 1s. net (Macdonald.)
 Fleur de Lys: Poems of 1915. Dyneley Hussey. 1s. net (Macdonald.)
 Letters from Another Battlefield. 1s. net. (Macdonald.)
 Songs of Protest. Frederic L. Mitchell. 1s. net. (Macdonald.)
 A Year Ago. Lieut.-Col. E. D. Swinton and Captain the Earl Percy. 2s. net (Arnold.)
 The Anzac Book. Written and Illustrated in Gallipoli by the Men of Anzac. 2s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)
 More Minor Horrors. A. E. Shipley, Sc.D. 1s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)
 Nelson's History of the War: Vol. XII. John Buchan. 1s. 3d. net. (Nelson.)
 "Cats"—Not by Louis Wain. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)
 A Public School in War-Time. S. P. B. Mais. 3s. 6d. net. (Murray.)
 Symbol Songs. Mary Richardson. 2s. 6d. net. (Macdonald.)
 Small Talks on Big Subjects. Lady Randolph Churchill. 2s. net. (Pearson.)
 Prisoner of War. André Warnod. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
 The Economy of Food. Alan J. Murray. 2s. net. (Constable.)
 Philosophy and War. Emile Boutroux. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

FICTION.

- The Road to the Stars. F. T. Wawn. 6s. (Nash.)
 Collected Tales. Barry Pain. Two vols. 5s. net each. (Secker.)
 Violet Virtue. Gertie de S. Wentworth James. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)
 The Sailor. J. C. Snaith. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)
 The Luck of the Strong. William Hope Hodgson. 6s. (Nash.)
 How Jones Found His Enemy. Greville Macdonald, M.P. 6s. (Constable.)
 The Power-House. John Buchan. 1s. net. (Blackwood.)
 Spectators. Clara Smith and T. Bosanquet. 6s. (Constable.)
 Hearts and Faces. John Murray Gibbon. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)
 Julius Le Vallon. Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Cassell.)
 Atlantic Nights. Captain Frank H. Shaw. 1s. net. (Cassell.)
 The White Ghost Book. Jessie A. Middleton. 5s. net. (Cassell.)
 Pierre Nozière. Anatole France. Translated by J. Lewis May. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)
 The Bywonner. F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)
 The Triumph of Elaine. Arthur B. Reeve. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
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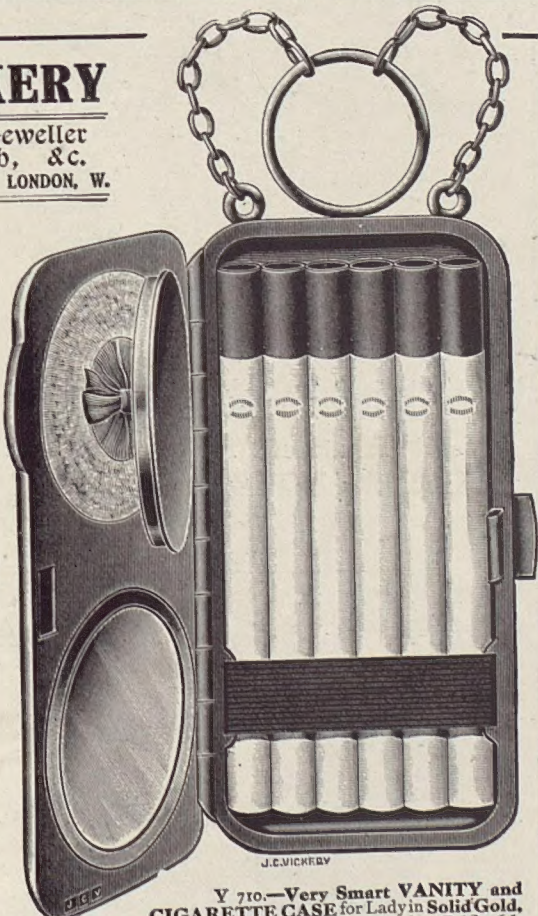
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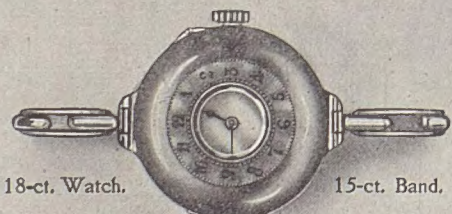
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